Thursday

Vile wretch!
I wrote you 2 long letters:
one for ignoe. I asked for
Florence Burke's address. Its
in the telephone book. Please
send. Radcliffe something.
We will dine on Saturday.
I'll write to Julian
No more
in
Dudgeon
B.

(1929)

Thursday

Duncan

This is strictly on business, (to my great grief, for I have a million things to say)

(1) We shoot you Duncan & take a hot bags to dine on Wednesday. (hanging but it's a brilliant party on this account)

(2) We have a spare room, Nelly being away. Would you like it?

(3) Will Quentin dine with us on Monday? Clive says he will be in London. (7.30 about)

(4) And We will take you & Angelica to Chelmsford on Monday.

(5) I am furious that I was frustrated about Angelica. I had arranged that she was to come for the day: then Lottie decided to go down to Norfolk: & when I suggested another day, Barbara objected that they were having such a bazaar & seemed to take it amiss that I should suggest a day away from her. Never mind. I hope to see A. late

This is all. How I loathe facts!

Your devoted
Virginia.

I am taking up the question of the thackergay drawing; but how am I to get into your studio? Could you send me the key of your room as soon as possible, so that I may get the photographer to come.
I am going to offer it first to the Pierpoint library asking £500 unless you think we could ask more.
Cartwritght starts on May 6th so I want to hear from the Mexx Pierpoints first, and thus must hurrry. Mary, Barbara and Jeremy had all been over to Rodmell on Saturday. Lord, lord.

[illegible] 11 1930

52 T S. Friday 139

Would you be so angelic as to post this? Write to say that I live entirely in the country.

I don't think we shall be down till Monday or Wednesday, owing to the exactitude of the Rev. & Ethel & Nan invites themselves to Rodwell on Easter Sunday; so I suppose that is the fatal date.

Duncan has most obligingly undertaken the photograph. Reginald is coming to dinner, so I meant I suppose wash. He is foaming with

Enthusiasm over your Dolly decorations, I say
She is as mild as milk now.
I shared her with Ottoline at the moment.
We went yesterday [illegible] over Greenhouses at
Wadderdon.

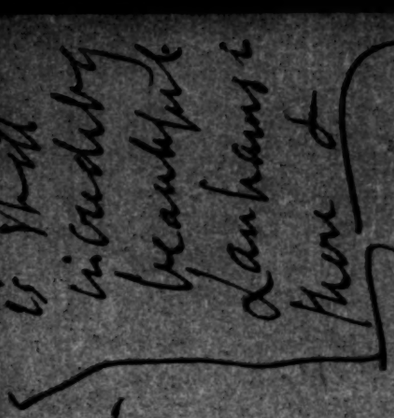
NYPL

Thus it ah my dear

B.

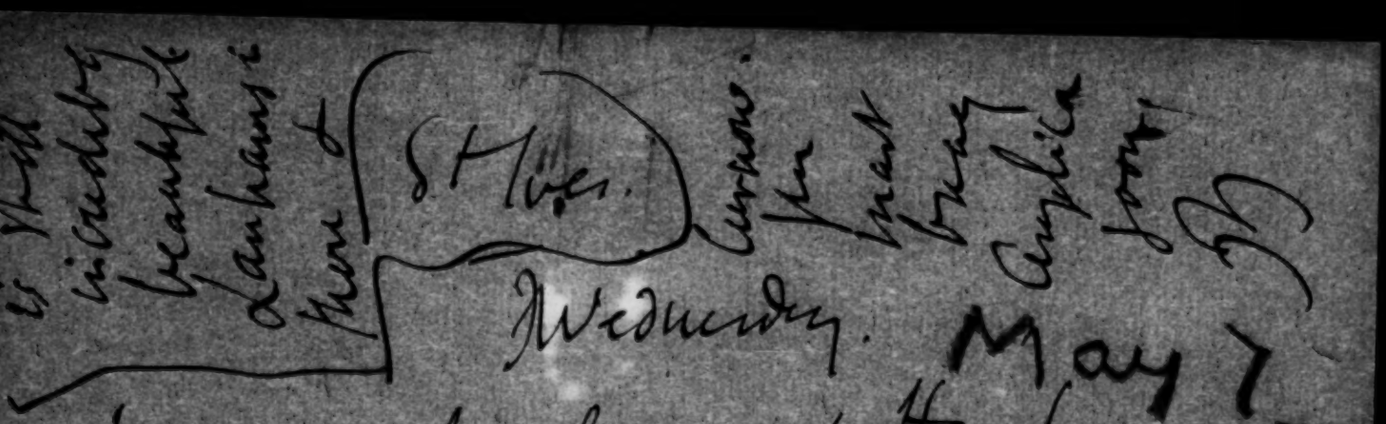
There is no doubt
but that Ethel Smyth is
mad; a delightful
Knave you also. I
sat with her for 2 hours
at the B.B.C the other
night. hearing her like Lindsay
in a loud voice.

HAMILL 2/10/64



Wednesday. May 7. 1930

We are lunching at Hamlyns off cream & skate, which you may remember. It is a perfect day – Everything has gone well, so far, Except that we cant induce the Rolls to buy much. We came over Jedermoor, Dartmoor & saw the prisoners working with warders: today we went into the Arnold-Forster garden, they have given, were told to find it very inferior. But it is a magnificent city – far better than Oxford & Cambridge. The cathedral & the architecture is amazing; which is true even



Wednesday. May 7 1930

We are lunching at Hamleys off cream & Yplets, which ye may remember. It is a perfect day - Everything has gone well, so far, & all that we want now is the photo to buy much. We came over Jedermoor, Dartmoor & saw the prisoners working with warders: today we went into the Arnold-Forster garden, they have given, were glad to find it very inferior. But it is a magnificent city - far better than Oxford & Cambridge. The cathedral & the architecture is amazing; which is true even

of the house playing the viola in the pump room — ah pure 18th Century — We went to a concert. Of course no letter from you, but several pages from E.S: of Antijacks madness — I have written kindly & calmly, & hope for the best — Would you be able to do me any service, so much the better: but I see you decline. me for my predicament & will only keep out of one jewelry. The old ladies of England are a perpetual joy. They swarm in every hotel, knitting, writing letters, & devouring mostly. But, warned by E.S., I have made no friends. Now we are off to Bodmin — I'm sending you some cream, for old Lake Lake — The harbour

NYPL

HAMILL 6/1/166